

JOHNSON WINS WORLD'S CHAMPIONSHIP BEFORE FIGHT IN THE 15th ROUND

Reno Was a Town of Many Strange Sights

Reno, Nev., July 4.—When the sun that today lifted its brim above the sagebrush hills enclosing this green and ordinarily peaceful valley, sets over the white-capped Sierras, there will have passed into comparative oblivion, one of the two mighty men—James J. Jeffries or John Arthur Johnson.

Its first rays shot into barrack-like places where men of home and family were sleeping in rows upon rows. It glided through shutters into strange bedrooms where men were sleeping two and three in a bed and on the floors. It rent aside curtains of smoke and saw red-eyed men crouched at green tables and standing around spinning wheels. And on each of these tables it met its rival, the gold of the earth in heaps. It saw a great bare structure of pine boards, with a white-rope ring in the center waiting. It saw the streets already stirring with restless life and automobiles already whirling along the country roads.

Out of the southeast came a cool wind and the clear sky gave promise of a perfect day what promises to be the last great prize ring battle of heavyweights in the United States. Here between the fire of eastern reformers and the deep sea of Pacific coast politics, the pugilists are gathered in their last stand. Never before in the history of the prize ring have so many fighting celebrities and sporting characters met in one narrow street. If anything, Billy Jordan has to introduce all these men this afternoon he will lose his voice long before Jeffries and Johnson make their bows to the public.

The morning of the fight brings no change in any of the details that will go to make up the setting of the stage. To down the rumor that he would not act as referee of the fight, Tex Rickard offered this morning a bet of \$1,000 that he would officiate. The night passed peacefully at both camps and early this morning the trainers and handlers and managers were busy in completing their arrangements to appear at the ringside promptly and to get out of town tomorrow.

The men are scheduled to start to fight at 1:30 o'clock Pacific coast time, but what with introductions and the fuss of the moving picture game it probably will be a half hour later before time is called. The prospects are that the arena, seating 15,000, will be comfortably filled. Early this morning a long line of purchasers lined up at the ticket office. There has been no difficulty so far over the seating arrangements and no scalping has been carried on openly.

The main struggle this morning was to get something to eat before going to the arena. The restaurants last night almost gave up the job of trying to feed the multitude. Many places were sold out of everything of eatables before morning. The doors of the main restaurants were guarded by husky waiters who let a few hungry patrons sit in at intervals. Once inside it was a waiter who told the guests what they could get to eat. Menu cards were mere ornaments. Hundreds of men came in on the late specials last night walked until they were weary hunting a place to eat and sleep. Some gave up all night, had job and remained up all night.

And so it was a weird throng that started on its way to the arena as the morning sped toward noon. In the crowd were the pugilists mentioned above, the sports who follow the pugilists and bet on them, the men who write of the doings of the fighters—writers who have reported a fight before—womans and boys, the gamblers, beggars and detectives and all the casual riffraff that follow the big sport events. They were burned by one desire, sped by one fever, made one by a common desire.

During the morning many automobile parties passed the time by spinning out to the two camps on the edge of the city, seeking once more to get a tip from the wise ones. The poolrooms were busy taking bets. During the early hours the odds remained the same as on the night before—Jeffries the favorite at odds of 10 to 6 1/2. They were pushed down to 6 to 1 one time by a bet of \$10,000 on Jeffries made by H. H. Frazee of Chicago, who will manage Jeffries' round-the-world tour.

George Considine of New York, bet \$5,000 on Jeffries at odds of 10 to 6 1/2 and announced that he had more at the same price. Larger betting is looked for at the ringside with a possible change of odds in favor of Johnson. E. E. Smathers of New York, said that he would bet \$20,000 on Jeffries later.

The latest news from the camps is that both men will start the last minute before motoring to the ringside. They will dress at their camps, even to putting the bandages on their hands. Both men arose early and went out for short spins on the road to limber up. Johnson had not made his final plans, but Jeffries decided to have all his trainers except Red Cornell and

Ringside, Reno, July 4.—At 12 there was a ringside demonstration on the part of hundreds of holders of \$20 seats, who are located directly behind the motion picture shed. Tex Rickard is now trying to pacify the angry seat holders and it is supposed that he will order the obnoxious shed removed.

Ringside, July 4.—At 1 o'clock the ringside was nearly filled. The heat was intense as the mid-day sun poured its rays into the crater-like structure.

Reno, Nev., July 4.—Up to 10 o'clock this morning the betting had stood steady at 10 to 6, with Jeffries the favorite. San Francisco special trains brought thousands from the coast cities, and the majority appeared to be betting on Jeffries.

The first serious accident in Reno was that accidentally shooting this morning of Tom Hefer, a Bodie, California, miner. Hefer was in one of the saloons on Main street flourishing a wad of money. A friend advised him to put it away. Hefer, in attempting to stuff the money into his hip pocket dropped his revolver to the floor. It was discharged and shot him through the back.

"A murder" was the cry that ran through the crowds, and the incident, for a time detracted from the mob following the machine of Johnson as it pushed its way through the crowds. As the forenoon advanced there was every promise of a perfect day for the fight. The sky was clear and the sun shone with all the brightness of the usual Nevada summer.

Tim Sullivan of New York, the stakeholder, visited Johnson's camp and asked permission to return to George Little the \$10,000 certified check posted as Johnson's forfeit. To this the champion readily assented, and Little will receive the check as soon as the men enter the ring.

"The first round or two may be a disappointment," said Jeffries' physician, after declaring that Jeffries was in a condition to go ten rounds or the limit.

"The first bulletins may be a surprise because of Jeffries' poor showing. This will not be due to lack of condition or speed, however, but because he is a slow starter. Johnson may make him look bad by blocking his early punches. But wait until Jeffries warms up before forming a decided opinion."

"Johnson will not be able to tire Jeffries out, as the negro's friends have claimed. Jeffries will be able to keep away from him if he wants to. You wouldn't go behind a mule if you could go in front of him would you?"

By 10 o'clock today the price of the cheapest tickets advanced to \$25, the speculators having been encouraged by extra heavy arrivals. When they were on sale, the crowd gobbled them up as fast as they were offered.

At 11 o'clock the betting was 2 to 1 on Jeffries to win and even money on twenty rounds. At this hour the word from the two camps is "All's Well." Both fighters are cheerful and waiting for the moment when they will start for the ring.

The betting is brisk at even money, with plenty of Johnson money in sight.

The only sign of worry which Jeffries showed this morning was when he discovered that his mascot, a mongrel yellow dog which strayed into the camp yesterday, was missing. Jeffries looked worried and walked all around the cottage and by fields whistling and calling for "Jeffie." Finally he discovered the dog in a field, and the dog crawled to him and licked his hand and leaped toward his face. Jeff returned to the cottage happy again.

By noon the exodus to the fight arena began. The vanguard of those who could not afford automobiles paid everything demanded to be carried the dusty mile and a half.

The two cars that comprise the rolling stock of the street railway that leads to the arena were busier than they ever have been and the bulk of the crowd preferred the walk to the fight to a foothold on the cars. In the main it was a lurching crowd, and some of them had gone foodless since last night. But good humor prevailed and there were no serious disturbances.

The railroad people were on the again getting the long special train lined up and in readiness to move to the designated starting points the moment the fight is over.

The gates were opened at 11 o'clock sharp. Thousands were then thronging about the four entrances, the majority being formed in this serpentine columns that stretched through all parts of the grounds. As the gates swung open there was a great rush for the turnstiles, and the surging crowds poured rapidly into the enclosure.

In less than fifteen minutes the gallery seats and the wide platform skirting the topmost outer rim of the arena were half filled, coming in from the cool wind swept spaces of the flat country.

Thirty feet from the ringside and due west, so that the sun would not interfere, a battery of nine motion picture machines, superimposed in rows of three, so as to be one above the other, was being manned and being made ready for the afternoon.

An American flag drooped on its staff above each of the four entrances. Boxes built for women at the top of the outer west walls of the enclosure were soon filled and the gaudy hats of the occupants added a vivid touch of color to the scene. Half an hour after the gates had been opened the vast arena was more than two-thirds filled with a sweltering mass of humanity.

The heart game at Jeffries' camp this morning resulted in a dollar's profit for Jeffries. He promptly car-

ried his winnings to the hotel and staked it on the crap table. For more than an hour he rolled the bones with huge enjoyment. Before he stopped, Jeffries gathered in \$30. Corbett said that he knew the strain of waiting in the dressing room was great and did not purpose that Jeffries should feel this.

"It won't hurt anything to keep the other fellow waiting," said Corbett, "as it wears on him, you know."

Sam Berger was the last man to swing about the machine for Jeffries. "When he comes back," said Sam, "he will be the undisputed champion."

Johnson spent the last hour before his start for the arena in disquiet. He refused to go to the arena until he spoke to Tex Rickard. Rickard was telephoned.

Johnson and his attendants started for the arena at 1 o'clock in his automobile.

George Harting, the time keeper, came in with the gloves in a big green box two pairs for each fighter, in a case of leather.

When the band played "America," the perspiring crowd made a feeble attempt to sing, but it quickly collapsed and the spectators went back to fans and handkerchiefs.

Yielding to protests of spectators, whose view was stopped by the picture machines, Rickard ordered one booth on the left dismantled.

At 1:10 word was passed in, from the outside that every seat in the arena was sold and several persons were still in line at the booths.

Old fight attendants vowed that never before has a prize fight in this country had as many women spectators as this. In addition to the 75 or 100 in the long booth on the rim of the crater, every section was dotted with them from the cheap seats in the upper tiers to the \$50 places.

Jack Johnson's wife came into the arena and was seated near the ring. Although the big men were scheduled to enter the ring at 1:30, the preliminary introduction of pugilists customary to these functions had not begun at 1:45. The crowd, however, was patient and good natured.

At 2 o'clock it seemed that every seat in the structure was occupied and that the six-foot platform that extends around the upper edge was alive with a human fringe of standers.

The veteran announcer, Billy Jordan, entered the ring at 1:45.

At 1:55 the ring was cleared of the band and hangers.

Billy Muldoon entered the ring and, after making a speech extolling the one "free state" in the Union, apparently meaning Nevada suggested that the entire assemblage stand up and "with heart and soul" give three cheers for Nevada and the governor of this state. The response to these remarks was spontaneous and the vast assemblage arose to a man and cheered its lungs in the roasting satires for the one free state.

Jeffries arrived at the arena at 2 o'clock.

At 2:05 Tex Rickard was introduced as the "gamest sport in the world," by Billy Jordan. Jordan reviewed Rickard's connection with the prizefight game. "All credit you can give," he continued, "belongs to this great sport—Tex Rickard. I call for three cheers for Tex."

The crowd responded with a will.

Tim Sullivan, stakeholder, was next presented as the famous stakeholder, Hon. Tim Sullivan of New York.

Rickard and Sullivan standing together in the center of the ring, were photographed.

John L. Sullivan then clambered through the ropes and set the spectators wild. Jordan introduced him as the "great and only bighearted John L."

Same Langford, the crack middleweight, was presented and announced he would challenge Johnson for \$10,000, win or lose.

Johnson entered the arena at 2:28 p. m. He was followed by his retinue of seconds. Johnson entered from the northwest corner. Johnson's seconds, Delaney, A. Kaufman, Prof. Burke, George Cotton, Doc Furey, Dave Mills and Harry Foley, Johnson's timekeeper is Stanley Ketchel.

Jeffries entered the ring at 2:41. Johnson gave Jeffries the southeast corner. Jeffries entry into the arena was the signal for a tremendous outburst of enthusiasm.

Jeffries' seconds are Jim Corbett, Abe Attell, Joe Choynski, Bob Armstrong, Eugene Van Court, Farmer Burns, Roger Cornell and Sam Berger.

"I don't care what corner you put me in, it's all the same to me," said Jeff, as he sat in his chair, attired in ordinary costume and chewing gum, while Abe Attell wound common bandages about his hands.

At 2:35 Johnson was presented as the "heavyweight champion of the world."

Johnson was clad in glue trunks with the American flag entwined. A very weak reception was tendered the champion.

While Johnson was stripped and ready in his corner, the Jeffries people were putting on his bandages.

At 2:38 Jeffries stripped. He wore purple trunks and the American flag, Johnson clapped and cheered Jeffries with the rest of the crowd as the big white man was introduced as the "great and only undefeated champion of the world."

Jeffries folded his arms behind him and gazed over the vast assemblage, which cheered him again and again.

Both men looked fit to fight any number of rounds.

At 2:40, the men donned their gloves and Jordan is clearing the ring.

Johnson's golden smile was much in evidence as he sat in his corner.

Tex Rickard referee, and Charley White, alternate referee were then introduced.

Tom Sharkey challenged the winner.

The ring was then cleared and time for the "battle of the century" was called at 2:44.

FIRST ROUND.

The men refused to shake hands. Johnson smiled and Jeffries calmly chewed gum. After a long opening session of sparring Johnson led with left to the face and they clinched, Johnson pushing Jeffries back.

Johnson swung his left to jaw, and as Jeffries rushed it at close quarters the big negro shot his left again to the face. The men locked arms and Jeffries clouted his man twice with two short arm lifts to the face and the crowd yelled. "Why don't you laugh," shouted Corbett to Johnson and the latter winked and smiled at the former champion. The men continued in locked embrace and as the song terminated the round, Johnson playfully tapped Jeffries on the shoulder and went to his corner smiling.

Jeffries then told his seconds to let him alone; he would fight his battle. It was a tame round.

SECOND ROUND.

Johnson came up chatting like a magpie. "He wants to fight a little bit, Jim," yelled Corbett. "You bet I do, Mistah Corbett," retorted the champion. As Jeffries held on Johnson clouted him with a wicked right to the jaw. As the men separated from a clinch, Jeffries swung his right to the stomach, to which Johnson retaliated with two rippling left uppercuts to the jaw. The men closed the round, Jeffries leaning against the champion with the sheer weight of his shoulders. It was a case of strength against cleverness, with the Nubian having the better of it. Johnson and Corbett "kidded" each other incessantly during the minute's rest between the second and third round.

THIRD ROUND.

Both came up slowly. "Come in, Jim," shouted Johnson, saying which, the champion hooked his left to the stomach with much force. Johnson then jabbed his left twice to the face and as they closed in, breast to breast, Johnson whipped a left uppercut to the jaw and nearly blocked the boiler maker's onslaughts. As the men circled about the ring Johnson kept up a constant cross fire of conversation. The men separated and Johnson jabbed twice with his left to the face and whipped a short arm right to the face. A long clinch followed, during which the black missed a wicked right uppercut. Jeffries rushed in, but the black blocked him neatly on a vicious right swing and again patted his antagonist on the shoulder as the round ended. Johnson, on points had a good advantage but there was not much power behind his stings.

FOURTH ROUND.

Jeff missed a left swing. Johnson rushed in with a stab to the face. Johnson taunted Jeffries constantly. "Don't rush Jim; don't you hear what I'm telling you," shouted Johnson, backing it up with a right uppercut to the jaw. Jeffries got in a good right to the mouth and the blood started flowing from the colored man's lips. Johnson shot a hard left to the mouth and almost wrestled his man against the ropes. The golden smile had not faded from Johnson's face at this stage. Jeff forced the champion against the ropes and rained a dozen short arm jolts round the mark in quick succession. In response, Johnson shot a right to the jaw and the round ended. It was Jeffries' round and the best one so far.

FIFTH ROUND.

Johnson, as usual, came up with a volley of words. Jeffries paid no attention to the conversation and rushed and wrestled for a spell. At close quarters Jeff shot a right to the body, to which Johnson responded with a left uppercut, cutting Jeff's lips a bit. Johnson, a moment later, drove his right to the jaw and then followed with two left uppercuts to the same place. Johnson jarred the white man with a straight left to the mouth and they eased up in a clinch. Both men were bleeding from the mouth. Suddenly Jeffries sent the black's head back a foot with a straight left to the mouth and Johnson looked a bit serious as he took his seat. Not, however, without giving the boiler maker the customary tap. No serious damage.

SIXTH ROUND.

"I'm going to mix with him," said Jeffries to his seconds. Three lefts radiated from the champion's shoulder, catching Jeffries on the face in the left cheek bone. Both men fought cautiously. A ringside fan asked Johnson if he would like a drink. "Too much on hand now," quickly retorted the negro and he ripped in three left uppercuts to the white man's jaw. Jeffries waded in, but was met with a nasty left uppercut that closed his right eye tight. Johnson followed this with two similar punches and the blood spouted from the retired champion's nose as he took his seat when the bell ended the round. Jeffries' seconds were heroically working on his damaged cheek.

SEVENTH ROUND.

Jeffries came up with a ferocious frown and they closed in. A long sparring bee followed, without a blow

being struck. Johnson meanwhile carefully priming himself for an opening. Although Jeffries' eye was badly bruised he never lost his poise.

Johnson laughed sarcastically as Jeffries essayed a right swing at close quarters. With the men locked in an embrace, Johnson jolled his man and jolted him three times over the damaged eye and followed this with a right uppercut to the jaw. Jeffries stopped Johnson's bickering with a left and right. The bell clanged with honors even and Jeffries looked badly cut up as he took his chair.

EIGHTH ROUND.

As Jeffries rushed in, the black drove a right to the mouth and shortly after shot lefts to the face that carried considerable force behind them. "Hello, Jimmex," shouted the negro. "Did you see that one?" and as they closed in he shouted "Break away, Johnson" but Johnson did not break and laughed as Jeff missed a left swing. Earlier at close quarters, when Jeff worked in two rights to the body, he failed to tease the negro. He pushed his man about and the bell rang, closing a rather featureless session.

NINTH ROUND.

Johnson kept a constant conversation to his corner before coming up to the scratch in this round. He hooked his left to Jeffries' face with great force and continued to hurl his sentences at Jim Corbett. Johnson hooked right and left to the jaw and carried with it a world of power. After Jeffries had butted with his head, Johnson flung his left to the stomach and they went into a friendly clinch.

Jeffries crouched low and Johnson drove home a wicked left tilt full in the stomach. A moment later he sent in a left jab to the mouth and eye, but Jeffries apparently paid little attention to these blows. The round ended in Johnson's favor and with Jeffries' face bleeding from several places.

TENTH ROUND.

Not much life marked their coming to the center of the ring. Johnson shot two lefts to the head and followed this with a short right arm to the ear. A long clinch, followed mixed with wrestling. Jeffries swung his right around the body. The men confined themselves mostly to inflicting and short streaks of wrestling. Johnson always on the alert to land a punch. Johnson whipped two lefts to the jaw and a right uppercut to the jaw and made Jeffries yell "Oh" audibly. Johnson peppered away with his left and clearly outboxed his man. It was Johnson's round. Delaney asked Rickard to watch the gloves. When the men were holding to see that there was none broken.

ELEVENTH ROUND.

A half minute of wrestling without damage opened the round, and Johnson smashed Jeffries time and time again with a left and right to the jaw and the big boiler maker fought back wildly. Johnson swung a terrific right, more of an uppercut, to the jaw and followed this with a clean right uppercut to the jaw and Jeffries almost weakened. Johnson employed left and right uppercuts again and again to the jaw and varied this with left and right swings to the jaw and the blood spouted from Jeffries' mouth in a stream.

Jeffries was a bad looking sight at this stage, but he suddenly electrified the crowd by making a round-end rally landing his right to the jaw and a hard left to the body, that brought the crowd to its feet. Johnson, however, had a good advantage.

TWELFTH ROUND.

The men clinched after the black had missed a hard left for the jaw, remaining in this position half a minute. As Jeffries rushed in Johnson met him with straight left and right uppercut to the jaw. With the men breast to breast, the negro swung left to body and face, all the time keeping up a conversation with Corbett. Johnson cleverly blocked blows intended for the body and sent home a straight right to the sore mouth, starting the blood afresh. The negro shot a straight left to the face and then sent his man's head back a foot with similar blows. Jeffries went to his corner spitting blood and with the odds against him. Jeffries' seconds were ominously quiet at this stage. On the other hand, the Johnson corner fairly hummed with life and bustle.

THIRTEENTH ROUND.

The men fought without damage to a clinch and wrestled about the center of the ring, Johnson breaking it up with a volley of rights and lefts to the face and mouth. He cleverly evaded Jeffries' clumsy attempts to land on the body, and, cutting loose, landed left and right in quick succession on the jaw and body. Jeffries weakened at this stage, a right uppercut almost lifting him from the floor. He seemed all at sea in locating the black who waded in like a merciless juggernaut dealing out severe punishment with every tap. The round ended with Jeffries trying to cover up and stay away. Jeffries stared rather blankly in the middle of the ring and appeared to be in bad shape.

FOURTEENTH ROUND.

Jeffries was met with a straight left as he got up and a moment later another spiteful jab went to the

mouth. Johnson placed his stomach within Jeffries' reach and tauntingly cried: "Hit that belly, Jim; why don't you hit it, Jim." Jim did not hit it. They closed and Corbett importuned his man to beware of the dangerous uppercut. Jeffries' right eye was totally closed at this stage. Johnson sent in some rapid fire lefts to the mouth and he said, "I'm as clever as you are, Jim," to Corbett and immediately the exchange of repartee followed. The round ended tamely, but Johnson had all the honors and Jeffries' seconds looked blue.

FIFTEENTH ROUND.

A clinch opened the round and then Johnson rushed his man to the ropes, flooring him.

Johnson knocked Jeff down in the fifteenth round and the white man was counted out, and as he hung over the ropes, his seconds and the crowd rushed into the ring and, half the time could not hear the count.

Ringside—Jack Johnson is still the world's heavyweight champion, having knocked out James J. Jeffries in the 15th round at Reno today. The fight was one-sided from the start. The negro blocked the old champion's blows at every stage of the game and punished him severely in the last five rounds of fighting. At the beginning of the thirteenth round the experts at the ringside passed out the verdict that Jeffries must simply stay away and not fight if he hoped for any chance to stay the limit. As they came up for the fifteenth round, Johnson went a t his man savagely. In quick succession, he delivered three knockdowns, Jeffries each time falling against or into the ropes. As Jeffries staggered to a foot-hold after the third time he had sent him to the floor Johnson sprang at him like a tiger and, with a succession of lefts to the jaw, sent Jeffries down and out.

As Jeffries was helped to his corner he said: "I am not a good fighter any longer; I could not come back, boys, I could not come back. Ask Johnson if he will give me his gloves."

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